Trope: Student/Teacher (Aiden x Le Chiffre)

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Aiden’s life becomes pretty complicated when a new alpha starts at his school. He can’t stop thinking about him and is attracted to him in a way he never has been before. Only problem is, he's the new teacher.

Notes

In canon we don’t know Aiden’s middle name but he signs his comics AUG and I went with Graham as the surname just as a place holder as I somehow missed when watching that his name is Galvin, I should probably fix that XD And thanks nightliferogue for suggesting Ulysses for the middle name XD

My thanks to the utterly wonderful Llewcie for the beta <3

Chapter 1

A Christmas story? Well, this one isn't filled with derring do and ice witches. Nor princesses and ogres, not quite at least. This is just a story that happened one Christmas to a young man, you might call him a prince. A story of true mates, because yes, as rare as they are, they do exist. And if ever true mates find each other there is nothing they can do about it; that's that.

It's not like a spell from a fairytale; it can't be undone by anyone, not even the people it happens to. So the prince was very lucky that his true mate wasn't the cold hearted ogre he thought he might be.

The story starts a few months before Christmas, with the start of senior year for the unknowing prince...

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"Aiden Ulysses Graham, get your ass in here right now boy!" Aiden shuddered at his father's words. He'd been one mean son of a bitch before he was invalided out of the marines and now every day was some new guessing game of what had Aiden done wrong to piss him off.

He walked into the kitchen and dropped his satchel onto the table where his father sat at brandishing a letter. He clocked the school logo immediately and slumped into a chair. He already knew what was coming.

"It's senior year boy; about time you stopped fooling around with your bloody pencils and got on with proper work." His dad was near shouting. "I am not getting another letter about this!" He pushed the letter across the table but Aiden already knew what it was about. He'd skipped math class most of the semester: yup, pretty much two whole months, so he knew it was only a matter of time before someone caught on. He'd been given a week's worth of detention and the letter sent home. His continuing role on the decoration committee for the

school's Christmas dance was now dependent on his completing detention and attending class from now on. They knew exactly where to hit him.

Normally he wouldn't care - he'd do what they asked just to make life easy. Detention was nothing new for him when he spent most of his classes doodling instead of paying attention. But this time he did care; he had helped put the decorating committee together almost at the start of term, and now as the months counted down they were really pulling some awesome ideas together. He wanted to be part of it.

The whole thing pissed him off. This had all started right at the beginning of the semester when the new math teacher - Mr Le Chiffre - had started at the school. Instantly Aiden had been attracted to the man in a way he never had been before. He knew he was prone to romanticizing things, so he tried to ignore the way he seemed to feel the attraction on a deep, almost visceral, level. The feeling had only gotten worse, more distracting over time, and after a few classes, he found it hard to concentrate altogether.

In their second week of classes together he'd caught Aiden doodling - just little sketches of puppies playing, one with an eyepatch. The sort of silly shit that amused Vivian, who always told him he should draw a comic book. Le Chiffre had loomed over him and the class had giggled a little as he was reprimanded. Nicely though - nicer than some of the teachers. He had looked down at the drawings, turned them to see them better and smiled before telling Aiden to save it for art class and pulling his math text over to cover the drawings. Aiden had gone so hot he thought he might burn up.

In the third week he'd caught Aiden doodling again, this time a portrait sketch - of Le Chiffre. Aiden had been drawing him a lot; had a notebook full of the man's face, or some full length - the alpha's clothes always shades of black. He tried to tell himself that it was more than just being infatuated, that it was because the man was so striking. That eye, it was… strangely mesmerising. Though the general consensus in the student body was that it was creepy and unsettling, which Aiden was pissed off about but did nothing to counter the immature chatter in the hallways. He had just been adding blood weeping from that eye, with his red pen, when Le Chiffre was at his desk. The man seemed really angry this time, snatching up the sketch and telling Aiden he could get it back after class. No one giggled this time. Aiden did not retrieve the sketch. He didn't want to be near the alpha longer than he had to - his commanding tone had sent a shiver through Aiden that made his skin tingle and his cock twitch.

That was the last class he attended. And now detention loomed. He knew they were going to be with Le Chiffre - he had insisted on overseeing the detention to try and insert some math into Aiden's brain whether he liked it or not. The problem was that Aiden had avoided his classes because all he could think of was the alpha inserting something else altogether in him. He was sure they'd shared a look in that last lesson as Aiden left without picking up the drawing. Maybe that was wishful thinking for his wank bank. Even so, from the moment he'd first scented the man he was a goner and class was pretty unbearable. He'd managed those couple of weeks before deciding it was a little too much for him to deal with. He was going to flunk math anyway, so what was the point?

After his dad finished shouting at him, fists balled on the table and knuckles white, Aiden had escaped to his room. It was totally unfair. He didn't want to feel this way, but he didn't want to tell people about it either.

He'd always known he might have an issue like this - that his early heats would make him prone to - *distractions* as his doctor called them. What he had meant was that Aiden was pretty much constantly horny, though this was the first time that fancying someone had become such an issue for him. The fact that it wasn't something he could help, that it was crappy biology, didn't make it any less embarrassing to talk about and he certainly didn't want to visit the school nurse about it. She was older than his grandma and he was not about to go discussing more with her than he had to. If he had told her then maybe he could have moved class… Too late now.

Aiden decided he was just going to try and deal with it however he had to. He knew from his doctor that it was just something that came with going into heat so young. And that wasn't something he could help either! Apparently it could happen to omegas who had unsettled homes - moving around with his dad in the forces. He wasn't the only army brat that hit secondary puberty by the time they were thirteen, instead of seventeen or eighteen. He wasn't the only one who was about to start having fertile heats at seventeen instead of twenty. He wasn't the only one who had these thoughts and feelings because his biology was telling him he was an adult when he could barely manage to get himself out of bed in the mornings without a kick from his dad. So he was just going to suck it up and deal with it. And so far that meant skipping class. Skipping detention was something that had much bigger trouble attached. So he was just going to grin and bear it. He would deal with it.

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It was his second week in post when Le Chiffre asked in the teacher's lounge about Aiden Graham.

"Ms Lynd, you take Aiden Graham for art I believe?" Her nod and warm smile at the mention of the boy's name indicated as much, and more. That teachers found him to be a pleasant pupil.

"Yes, he's a good boy. Great artist, very talented. He could go far, though I think his father would object to his attending an art school." She frowned though still smiling. "Let me guess: he spends your classes doodling rather than paying attention. I can speak with him if you would like?"

Le Chiffre shook his head quickly. "That isn't necessary; I will speak with him myself." Though he never did.

When Aiden Graham first walked into his class, Le Chiffre had scented the omega and felt an immediate warming sensation in his chest. There was something in that scent that pulled on him and he immediately put it down to the fact that the boy had obviously already hit secondary puberty. It happened, though Aiden was the only one he had encountered in this school, and he'd never felt such a visceral reaction before. Even while he shrugged it off he couldn't help but feel a little relieved when the omega stopped coming to his classes. In fact,

he had not reported it until it had come to writing a midterm report. And now it was unavoidable for both of them.

It would mean detention at the least, which he would take himself. He prefered to ensure his students did as they were required and not leave them in the hands of someone who might not have the same high standards. But the thought gave him a curious feeling that he was surprised by and threatened to rock the calm snark that he liked to project onto the world.

The boy was talented, as Lynd had said. Amazingly so. Le Chiffre's first love was mathematics but he had an appreciation for art and he couldn't regret that the boy hadn't retrieved the sketch of him that was now in his office desk drawer. When he had first seen it, he had been angry - he was used to students everywhere he had worked, making fun of his eye in their teenage way. It wasn't something that bothered him in the least. Until he saw Aiden Graham drawing his likeness and inking in blood. The thought of this student making a joke of him struck a heated anger through him in a way it never had before. It took a while for him to realise the feeling was much like rejection. He didn't want this omega to be repulsed by him. That was a sobering thought. A thought that made him realise how much attention he had been paying to Aiden. In class he only caught his covert sketching because he found himself watching him intently when he wasn't pointedly trying not to look at the omega, worried that others might pick up on the strange effect the boy had on him. Concerned that it might show in his outward appearance, the way the scent eased him inside and made him uneasy all the same.

Some had told him that he came across as superior, but it was difficult to seem as humble as others desired when one was an thoroughbred alpha. As a teacher, he didn't much care how he was perceived by students - until now. Aiden Graham's scent affected him in a way that he was not content with. It made him feel less in control than he usually was, made him feel warmed and soft. It made him feel an inner need to provide and protect. Moreover, he had been mesmerised several times in the school hallways when he had seen the boy joking and laughing with his friend, a beta girl. The boy was light and easy, like sunshine and Le Chiffre wanted to bask in it despite himself.

He started avoiding the boy, refusing to look at him if they crossed in the halls, but the scent alone was enough to have his mind racing. Try as he might to tell himself that these were not appropriate thoughts, they came unbidden to his mind anyway. Of just them in the room and Aiden being so easily commanded, like a good omega. He imagined Aiden kneeling in front of him, stroking the boy's face - he would push his thumb into his mouth and watch the boy's eyes close and his mouth seal around the digit. The promise of something else entirely-

Jean shook the thought away and wished he was so easily rid of the omega himself. Having to now face him for detention when he had avoided him in the corridors and been secretly relieved at each skipped class, was aggravating. He did not like to feel out of control, and it didn't help that his hindbrain kept supplying him with ever more graphic ideas on just how he could regain control by controlling the omega himself.

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"Mr Graham. To the front please. I want to keep an eye on you." The words were terse and made Aiden tense up. The room was empty, no others in detention so where he sat didn't

seem so important. But the real reason he tensed was the tone in those words pulled right through him. He wondered if that's what it felt like to be commanded by an alpha. He bit his lower lip as he moved to a desk in front of Mr Le Chiffre, trying to hold off the mental image of being commanded to his knees by the man.

He kept his eyes low as he sat and pulled out his text book.

"You won't need that." Mr Le Chiffre told him coldly, standing and walking around to his seat and placing a piece of paper in front of him.

"A pop quiz? What the hell?" Aiden clenched his jaw.

"Given that you have not been frequenting my class I want to ascertain exactly what level of math you can comprehend. You may not take learning math seriously, but I take teaching it so." The tone was clipped and cold, and didn't Aiden just find that slightly appealing? He'd avoided the class because of the effect the alpha had on him on a hormonal level, but there was something more enticing about the alpha than just his scent. Aiden enjoyed the idea of being commanded by the alpha, and even more the thought of not letting the alpha command him. Teasing him.

He'd had sex a couple of times since he hit puberty, only with betas and never anyone he was all that interested in. More experimental really, kids stuff. This was the first time he'd ever even considered an alpha, and he'd done more than consider it under the covers at night. He'd thought in great detail about doing with an alpha all the things he'd already tried, and also all the things he hadn't yet tried. The idea of Le Chiffre ordering him to present himself was suddenly at the fore of his mind.

He had to stifle a whine as the idea moved onto thoughts of being knotted, earning a strange but fleeting look from Le Chiffre as he returned to his own desk. Maybe the alpha did have some idea of what he was doing to him?

Aiden was barely able to concentrate on the quiz and by the end had given up altogether on trying. The whole thing was a mess. Any math he had known had leaked from his brain within minutes. Le Chiffre's scent was all consuming and he'd had an uncomfortable stiffy that looked like it wasn't going anywhere without help. So damn embarrassing. He hadn't had a public situation like this since he was about fourteen. At least it wasn't entirely public, though he had no idea how he was going to get from the class to the parking lot or maybe even the bathroom and conceal it. There was nothing he could do to take care of it that moment, and that was beyond frustrating. It was also an all consuming thought.

A sudden and startling clear image jumped to mind of Le Chiffre helping him out by sucking him off as he completed the quiz.

"Holy fuck." Aiden was on his feet as though he could distance himself from the thought. Le Chiffre looked up, unamused and Aiden felt his face redden and hoped that his teacher's eyes did not lower to his crotch. As much as he liked the idea of being a little minx, he really wasn't as confident as he liked to think, and the proximity of this alpha and his scent was not helping one bit.

“A problem Mr Graham?” The tone was cutting and despite or more likely because of that, Aiden almost came in his pants. His only reply was a whimper as he grabbed his book bag and held it in front of his crotch as he ran from the room.

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Le Chiffre sat in silence for a few minutes. The scent of the omega’s arousal had been clear, enticing even. He had watched as the boy had squirmed in his seat, and had initially felt a small thrill from it. A sort of cruel satisfaction that the omega might be feeling as uncomfortable as he did, as the omega made him feel. He thought about making it worse for the boy - teasing him. His thoughts straying suddenly to the idea of tasting the omega, his cock to start-

He had shuddered at the thought, no - at the desire. A desire that had felt entirely right. A moment later Aiden had been running from the room leaving Jean with a deep sense of sudden loss. Loss that came with an equally deep sense of realisation that drew an angry growl from within him.

The next morning he had caught the principal in her office before the start of the school day and she had looked immediately concerned by his no doubt aggravated expression. The conversation had been calm and Ms M’s attitude sympathetic; this was going to be hard for everyone involved and he was at least grateful that she was understanding.

Never in his life had he imagined having to discuss with his superior that he had encountered his true mate, and that he was in fact a student. She had been surprised until he told her who and then she had nodded knowingly and explained Graham’s circumstances - his early secondary puberty. It didn’t make him feel much better, because no matter that Aiden Graham was already technically an adult with his fertile heats about to descend, Le Chiffre still didn’t want this. True mates was something ridiculous, from a fairytale, not something that really happened to people. Except occasionally it apparently did, and this was one of those occasions.

They had agreed not to let Aiden know, he seemed oblivious as yet, best that he be allowed to continue his studies with no concerns - senior year would be over soon enough. M had been impressed by that, by Le Chiffre’s thoughtfulness. He could have laughed, sneered - it would be mirthless. It was for him, not the boy. He had no wish for this to be true; he would happily delay the inevitable. He could sense the pull within him now, deeper than any desire he had ever felt. Different from the lust any lover had ever brought out in him. A feeling on a biological level - of two optimally compatible biologies finding each other and binding each other together to the same singular fate.

He would deny it as long as possible for his own good with no thought to anyone else, let alone to spare the feelings of a flip brat, ten years his junior. No matter how that brat made him feel.

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Aiden bunked school the rest of the week. Spent the time instead hanging out in the local park and sketching the birds and dogs. It was calming; it was nice. It wasn’t math class or

detention; it wasn't school. When he was younger all he'd wanted to do was draw; he didn't care much for any subject other than art and maybe Literature. He'd never like math, but having essentially a physical manifestation that made it entirely impossible to be around his new teacher when all he wanted to do was be around his new teacher - it made him ache inside.

"Oh boy are you in some trouble!" Aiden looked up at the familiar voice and saw his best friend Vivian in front of him, her hands on hips and her expression a mixture of concern and amusement. "I knew I'd find you here."

"You skipping? Good girl like you?" He managed to joke. She rolled her eyes and dropped down next to him on the grass so that they sat cross-legged opposite each other.

"I have the last period free so I left early." She corrected. "I'm not the one who should be concerned." She gave him a pointed look. "What the hell is with you lately anyway? Everyone has noticed you skipping this week. Ms Lynd asked, and I told her you were sick. So you better do something about that!"

Aiden sighed and let the sketchpad drop from his hands and his head fall back. "Fucking biology is the problem."

"I thought Math was the problem?" Again, concern and amusement in varying measures and he wondered if he should regret the very little he had confided in her.

"It is." He gave her a meaningful look.

"I… don't get it. What am I missing? Is this an omega thing?" She made the sort of mock grossed-out face that he'd expect from a beta.

"Sort of." He was partly relieved to have the chance to talk about it, but felt awkward at the same time. He wished he at least had some omega friends here; he'd had a few in the last place they'd lived. Vivian was great; they'd become fast friends when his dad left the marines and settled them here 3 years ago. But this place was very much a microcosm, and pretty much reflective of society as a whole - 80% beta. He guessed there were probably a few more omegas than there were alphas but most of the other local omegas were girls.

"It's the teacher that's the problem." Aiden sighed.

"What? Is he being an asshole because you're omega? I heard he was one of those stuck up type alphas but that's not-"

"No, no." He cut her off then rubbed his eyes as he tried to word it in his head. "It's because he's an alpha… I… *because he's an alpha* and I'm *omega*." He really couldn't believe he was going to have to spell this out to her. She just still looked confused.

"Mr Bond takes you for phys-ed. He's an alpha and you've never had issue with him?" It was like her brain was still at the beginning of the conversation. How was she this clueless?

"I don't want to fuck Mr Bond though do I!" Aiden near shouted in frustration.

“Oh my god!” Vivian clapped her hands over her mouth, doing nothing to stifle her hysterical laughter.

“Just forget it.” Aiden snapped, shoving his book into his satchel and storming off.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

> Aiden and Le Chiffre are unable to avoid each other in school. And then they run into each other after hours too...

Chapter Notes

> Just a note re: physical abuse (trigger warning?) - in the movie Aiden references his dad beating him, this is nothing as severe as that and I've only written the results rather than the abuse itself - Aiden turning up to school with bruising on his wrist. There is no indication that the abuse is any worse than that at this stage.

Another encounter with his dad after he received a letter to confirm the absence for sickness, was all it took to get him back in school. The old man was rarely violent though Aiden knew there was the capacity for it. Knew it was the reason his mum had left. All his truanting had earned was a bruised wrist from being grabbed and jostled whilst his father yelled about another letter home. Could be worse, and it still wasn't enough to make him attend his math class or arrange finishing detention with Mr Le Chiffre.

Until Wednesday that was, because something weird happened.

"Aiden, a word?" It was Ms Lynd, head of the art department. His first thought was *oh shit!*. But she didn't look angry. She was actually smiling, so he stopped sketching and returned the smile, cautiously.

"Are you free tomorrow night?" She asked in her usual lilting tone. "We were going to finalise the design for the banner so that I can arrange for the necessary supplies."

He realised immediately that she meant the banner for the Christmas dance, so he was a little confused.

"I… I'm not sure I'm allowed." He frowned at her and shifted from foot to foot in front of the easel.

She frowned back. "Whyever not?"

"I was… I skipped Math, had detention." *that I didn't do* - he didn't add.

Her expression changed to one of understanding but she waved her hand as though dismissing the problem. “Oh yes, I checked on that. You’re very talented, Aiden. I wouldn’t want to lose you from the decoration committee but rules are there for a reason and skipping class is not okay. I agreed with the principal that you could stay on the team if you completed the detention and attended your classes from now on, so please don’t make a fool of me by skipping more.” He friendly smile barely hid the warning beneath.

He swallowed, feeling worse that he might be about to disappoint her more so than if it were his own parent - “I didn’t… I haven’t… the detention, I…” Her open and friendly face was too off-putting.

“Look, don’t worry about it now. Mr Le Chiffre was kind enough to inform me that you completed the detention, so as long as you keep up with your math class I foresee no difficulties.” She smiled and all he could do in response was nod.

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Later that day, Aiden sat in math class.

He didn’t even know how long it had been since he had last attended. He’d gotten there just before the bell and had received a glance from Mr Le Chiffre. It wasn’t quite surprise at seeing him, but something else, a small, almost smirk that disappeared just as fast into something unreadable and cold.

He spent most of the class with his eyes squeezed tight shut and trying not to breath. When he did it was to take in lungfuls of air that seemed heavy and thick with the alpha’s scent. When he opened his eyes it was to steal a glance at a girl in the front that he knew was the only other omega in this class - she seemed completely unaffected.

Aiden didn’t hear the end of school bell at first, he was so focused on maintaining - something. Control? He wasn’t sure what would happen; if anything it felt like he was burning up. As though he were getting sick or going into heat early. It had never been this bad before, and it was starting to scare him. This couldn’t possibly just be from an alpha’s scent; that was ridiculous.

His heat was due Christmas week, which sucked but he was sure it wasn’t coming early. They had started to fall properly into a regular pattern now so it was unlikely he was mistaken. Christmas with his dad could be shitty all round with the old man drinking and drinking some more. Toasts to his ‘bitch of a mother who ain’t worth the price of this bottle.’ But Christmas in heat was something he didn’t want to even think about. He hoped he’d at least get to go to the school dance before it kicked in. Not that any of those thoughts were in his head at that moment. No, his mind was blank, no thoughts, just feelings. Urges. Needs and desires that if he sat still enough and tried hard enough to ignore, he might be able to block out until the class finished.

“Mr Graham, I said class is over.” The alpha was standing immediately in front of his desk and his sudden proximity had Aiden out of his chair so fast it skid across the floor away from him. He looked up and realised he must look a mess, probably looked terrified if Le Chiffre’s expression was anything to go by.

Le Chiffre raised his hands, his expression blank. “Please, remain calm. I am not going to hurt you.”

Aiden shivered, the words falling like a caress over his skin. He nodded and began to straighten and reach for his bag. He felt calmed, better, comforted even, in a way he hadn’t been since his mum left. He felt safe, that was it. He hadn’t realised until now that that feeling had left with her.

“Someone hurt you.” The words were stated by the alpha as he nodded towards Aiden’s wrist - the bruising clear as he reached for the bag and his shirt sleeve moved. He grabbed his bag quickly and pulled his t-shirt down to cover his wrist.

“It’s nothing. It’s fine.” He replied defensively.

The alpha nodded and quickly turned away, seemingly taking his word on it, before moving back towards his desk at the front. It felt like he was putting it between them like a barrier.

Aiden felt conflicted. He wanted to leave; he wanted to pick up his bag and run out the door as fast as he could. But, he wanted to stay. He wanted to breath in that scent that was driving him insane and making him so uncomfortable and yet warm and safe. He started towards the front of the room; he needed to pass Le Chiffre to get to the door anyway, but when he drew near he hesitated. He had to know; it was the whole reason he’d come to class -

“You… told Ms Lynd I’d completed detention.”

“I did.” A clipped reply; he had his back to Aiden now, rubbing some information off the chalk board. Whole body stiff.

“Why?” Aiden’s tone gave away his confusion.

“Come.” Le Chiffre turned hesitantly and then signalled for him to join him by his desk. Aiden went, a glance at the classroom door of the rapidly emptying school, wondering if they would be alone together - what might happen.

He stopped a couple of feet away from the alpha, too overwhelmed to move closer. But then Le Chiffre moved too - quickly, fluidly, to close almost all the space. He left only a small gap between them as he took hold of Aiden’s hand, eyes not leaving his, and raised it. He looked at the wrist then, pulling back the shirt to show the red-purple marks and slight swelling that would become a dark bruise. If it was painful, Aiden didn’t know; his skin was alight - a pulsing fire starting from where the alpha’s skin touched his and radiating out over his entire body.

Fingers touched lightly over the marked skin, turning his wrist so that it faced up. Aiden’s breathing had become fast and unsteady, his heart racing and his mind screaming *alpha, alpha, please alpha.* He studied the man’s face, a look of hunger there that Aiden was sure he understood. He whimpered as Le Chiffre raised his wrist further and ran his nose along the line of it, along the scent gland there. He breathed in deeply as Aiden let out a soft, quiet moan.

The sound seemed to bring the teacher back to his senses. He dropped Aiden's hand immediately and stepped back, an expression of what looked to be anger. Aiden felt the loss keenly; everything felt so immediately cold. They stared at each other for a long moment, though Aiden knew they weren't about to discuss what had just happened. Even so, something passed between them - a wariness that was clear in both their expressions. A fear over what was happening between them. Because, undeniably, something was happening between them.

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Aiden didn't return to math class. He waited every day in the two week run up to the Christmas dance, to be pulled from the decoration committee. Three days before the dance and he felt prepared for it and had convinced himself that he wouldn't care. The banner was done. His artwork - massive white sheets he had painted like an enchanted forest that were to be hung in the main hall - were pretty much finished. If they pulled him it would be fine. Not that that was true. He was a bit of a loner as a results of having moved so much as a kid; he only had a couple of friends in this school so being on the committee had made him feel good. Made him feel part of something, like a pack. It was nice to spend a few hours a week with people who had the same interest, laughed, chatted, and moreover - appreciated his art. His art teachers had always been enthused, but it was nice to have peers express an interest.

His dad played his art down as useless - something he'd need to give up at some point and learn to be a real man. A real alpha he meant, not the omega he'd been stuck with. He'd wanted a son who would be like him, a son he could be proud of. Sometimes his dad clearly wished his mother had taken him when she left. Most of the time he did too.

He shook the thoughts, knowing that if he did end up off the committee, he'd deal with it. He always dealt with everything he had to.

Aiden walked the corridor in the quiet darkness. The janitor must have turned the lights off, but he could still see enough by the moon outside the large windows, to find his way out. With so little time until the dance, he'd stayed late to finish the forest backdrops, adding glittery touches to make them really pop when the dance hall was moodily lit. He grabbed his bag from his locker and started towards the car park exit, was almost at the outer doors when he caught that scent and froze.

He had been doing a great job of avoiding Mr Le Chiffre since the scenting incident a couple of weeks earlier. He was sure it had been so easy to avoid him because he must be avoiding Aiden too. The few times he'd seen him at the end of a corridor or turning a corner he had stopped or turned or simply vanished into a classroom. Sometimes he hadn't even looked at Aiden, but he'd seen the man's nostrils flare and knew Le Chiffre had known he was there. Just as he must now.

Aiden forced himself to continue walking, his heart already racing and that feeling descending again - a tight pull within him almost like his heat. A nervous anticipation. Desire. His cock ached as he got closer to the outer door. His eyes focused on the door and on ignoring the corridor that crossed this one just before he'd get there, the corridor that must hold Le Chiffre.

He was correct. The alpha stood - papers in hand - also seemingly frozen to the spot within the corridor only a few feet from the intersection so that Aiden only saw him when he was almost at the door. He knew he should ignore him and continue. Whatever this was, whatever had happened - he still wasn't sure what any of it was - he only knew that it shouldn't be ok, but he wanted it. Was it just the scent? He was an attractive man, but also he was smart, strong. He'd be a good alpha. Aiden felt a pang in his chest at the thought. Whilst his mind told him it was inappropriate, wrong to really consider a teacher in this way, his heart cried out for the alpha and made it hard to resist falling to his knees in front of the man.

The thought stopped Aiden in his tracks as he fought to keep his control, now level with the alpha. Le Chiffre raised his eyes to him and looked at him with an expression that he knew must mirror his own. They looked at each other for a long while, both chests heaving, their panting filling the quiet of the sleeping school. Le Chiffre, in what appeared to be an unconscious action, licked his lips. Aiden followed the motion with his eyes and couldn't contain the quiet whine that slipped from his mouth.

Le Chiffre's sharp intake of breath startled him, but did nothing to break this spell between them. If anything it deepened it and inside he started to crumble. He needed the alpha. That, he realised in that moment. It wasn't just a desire and a want, it was a deep need and an absolute realisation that he would never find what he needed, what all omegas required, from any other alpha.

The alpha's composure seemed to slip for a fraction of a second, and although it returned quickly, he appeared to be considering that same notion. The glint in his eyes was something beyond hunger. He moved forward, his papers clutched tightly in one hand, and grabbed Aiden's wrist with his free hand - firmly but not painfully. He stared at him then for a moment, and Aiden was sure he saw an anger there. Then he moved Aiden's wrist to his nose as he had once before and breathed in his scent. Le Chiffre's eyes fluttered closed as though in bliss, and Aiden studied his face - the scar over and through the milky eye. He wanted to run his tongue over it and taste that part that was so Le Chiffre. Aiden's thoughts were broken when the sound of Le Chiffre's papers falling to the floor echoed around the corridor and a moment later a tongue was on his wrist. Aiden moaned and struggled to keep himself upright. He closed his own eyes as a mouth nuzzled along his wrist.

Aiden wasn't sure where he was being taken when he felt himself being pulled along the corridor, his eyes springing open to take in the blur of classroom doors they passed. He only knew that he was going willingly to whatever this was.

Where he had previously felt out of control and unwell, the alpha's skin against his drove all that away. He had never felt so calm, so in control.

They reached the door to Le Chiffre's office. It was only then that he released Aiden to fish out his keys and unlock the door. Aiden knew he could say something then; he could question whether this, whatever it was, was a good idea. Voice that they might get caught. He could even turn and leave. But he didn't. Instead he moved forward, pressing himself to his teacher's side and his face to his neck. First taking in the scent there, letting out an involuntary low sound - a purr. Then he pressed his lips gently to the skin, that same enflamed sensation within him as he did so.

When the door was unlocked Le Chiffre pushed it open before turning and gripping Aiden's arm, pulling him back and studying his face. The anger had gone, but had been replaced with something more confusing - what looked to be a mixture of resignation and desire - his own mirrored desire.

He pulled Aiden into the office and used his body to close the door, pressing him against it. Le Chiffre studied his face, their joined breaths ragged and hard. Then Le Chiffre's hands were framing in his face and he had only a moment to register the heat burning over his skin.

"Glitter…" Le Chiffre's voice was thick with lust as he moved a thumb over Aiden's cheek where he realised he must have smudged some of the art supplies.

"Paint." He confirmed, unsure for a moment how he'd been able to form the word and whether he'd be able to form more. It stopped being a concern when his lips were taken.

Aiden felt like his entire body was a livewire. Electricity might shoot out of his fingers and toes at any moment as the sensation ripped through him. He responded hungrily, licking into the math teacher's mouth and pressing back. He could feel the alpha's hard cock pressed against his own beneath their clothes.

He was unsure how they went from standing to being on the floor - connected at the lips the entire time, hands now exploring each other's clothed forms. Aiden straddled the alpha and rutted against him, the friction of his jeans maddening but pleasurable. Le Chiffre's hands moved to his hips then and fingers dug into him sharply as he mirrored Aiden. Both too desperate to shed any clothing, a mirrored need for release. From themselves, from each other.

Aiden felt his whole body tightened as they rutted against each other. He had never felt this way; even when he'd had penetrative sex before, it had never felt this way; he had never felt so complete. As he came he shouted the word his mind was screaming - "Alpha!"

The cry pulled a similar one from Le Chiffre, whose head fell back and body arched as he too came from this clothed contact alone. As his breathing steadied and his body relaxed Le Chiffre pulled Aiden to him, scenting his hair and muttering into his curls - "Omega."

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Aiden and Le Chiffre deal with their encounter in different ways, and not immediately in a good way.

For ten minutes they had basked in the afterglow of their shared orgasm, and then Le Chiffre had pushed him away, not rough but firm enough. It jolted Aiden, mostly because he had been nodding off, but also for the realisation that he felt differently. He felt better. He no longer seemed to be affected by his teacher in the same way he had for so many agonising weeks and months.

Not the same way, but still affected as he sat back and felt cold. Felt the loss of not having the alpha physically close. He still felt the pull of that need and desire, but it was less, or rather different. It wasn't desperate; it was knowing. An internal understanding that there was no need for desperation - they had each other now.

Aiden sat back against the door and looked at the alpha who remained on the floor, still stretched out, his eyes staring unseeing at the ceiling.

"I think you should leave." Le Chiffre told him, tone clipped.

"Oh really?" Aiden chuckled out his reply. "You've been driving me insane for months and now you're done? I don't think so." He'd been called tenacious many times before, but this was the first time he felt that was 100% accurate.

Le Chiffre turned a glare on him then. "I have done nothing."

"And I have? You're the one who dragged me to your office. You'd have fucked me too if we could have got our clothes off at any point." Aiden was deeply amused. All the times he had imagined falling to his knees in front of the alpha, being commanded and now he knew the secret of all alphas and omegas - the omegas held all the power.

*

Another ten minutes of silence, Aiden considering this turn of events with bewildered amusement, Le Chiffre with apparent anger.

Aiden looked over at the alpha, who had still not yet moved - still laid back on the floor of his office. He wondered what was going on in his head and realised they'd barely ever talked - not even in class - he had no idea what the man could possibly be thinking. What little he did know, he found he liked and wondered if the same could be said for the alpha.

“So what part of France are you from? I, uh... always wanted to travel.” He winced at his attempt at small talk.

“I’m from Albania.” A curt response.

“Ok… but Le Chiffre is French. It means number… which I thought was sort of ironic. Like some guy being called Woodsman and becoming a lumberjack.” He joked.

“You’re being impertinent.” The tone was unshakably cold.

“I’m just making conversation. It’s after hours, you’re not my teacher now. We’re equals now even if we hadn't just...” what had they just done? What did it mean?

“That is not the case. I remain far superior to you in many ways.”

“That’s fucking impertinent.” Aiden laughed. He thought it might break the ice; perhaps he just wasn’t used to the man’s humour and vice versa. But the alpha’s face was still grim and as silence descended again he spoke so quietly Aiden could barely hear -

“Why did you do this to me?”

*

The next morning, Aiden still felt a little shaken by what had happened. Le Chiffre had asked him several times to leave before he finally did, realising first his conversation, attempts at levity, and then asking him to talk, were not going to work. The alpha seemed to hate him, looked at him with such cold contempt it was chilling. Maybe it should be just as chilling that despite that look, Aiden hadn’t wanted to go, he’d wanted to comfort - even considered offering up his wrist in the hopes it would make the man feel better.

He felt a keen sense of loss the moment he had left the office. He’d gone home and showered, thrown his dirty clothes in the laundry. All the while feeling a weird mixture of content and bereft.

He considered skipping school, could feel his heat itching under his skin. Definitely the real thing now - but he wanted to go to the dance. And he wanted to confront Le Chiffre; god he didn’t even know the guy’s first name and they’d practically fucked and then the alpha had blamed him. Like he had any control over a man ten years his senior. The more he thought about it the angrier he got. Sure there was an undeniable attraction there on a biological level, but if Aiden was managing to ignore as much as he could, the alpha could too!

Even so, he continued to avoid the man until his next math class, last period the day before the dance. He didn’t attend, just sat outside the classroom and waited, and then earned a few sidelong glances from his classmates as he squeezed past them and into the classroom as they all filed out. He didn’t bother closing the door, or waiting until everyone had left, because he really didn’t care if he was petulant or not. Given what had happened, they needed to talk about this.

Le Chiffre looked up, his eyes widened for a moment, Aiden was sure he even saw the hint of a smile, and then a dark mask slid into place and his eyes turned cold before he looked down to pack away his desk.

“Mr Graham. What can I do for you?”

“Are you fucking serious?” Aiden replied, catching a look from the stragglers who suddenly slowed to eavesdrop.

Le Chiffre looked up at him sharply - “This is not the time or the place. If you want to discuss this we will go to my office.”

Aiden couldn’t stop the bark of laughter that burst from him at those words. “Yes, your office. That sounds like fun.”

“I will not have this insolence from a student.” Le Chiffre raised his voice and the remaining stragglers cowered and quickened their pace, one seeing fit to close the door behind them.

“And that’s all I am?” Aiden’s voice was laced with anger. “If so, fine. That’s just perfectly fine. *If* that’s all I am.”

Even whilst angry and shouting Aiden still felt a pull towards the alpha and was at a loss to explain it. He wanted to storm out. He could make a formal complaint if he wanted to, but he wanted, more than that, to replay what happened the last time they went to his office. The confusion inside was almost unbearable; it felt like his forebrain and hindbrain were at odds - the alpha’s scent not helping in the least as it both ignited and comforted him. The relief he’d had after their encounter in the office was clearly temporary, and felt cruel on reflection.

Aiden felt overwhelmed and out of control again. He closed his eyes and tried to breathe but it was ragged and his body shook with the effort. He slumped down onto his knees and buried his head in his hands, trying to hold back tears, no idea where they were coming from.

“Why is this happening? What did I do?” The tears did break then and Aiden couldn’t bring himself to look up, but he felt the alpha closing in.

“You did nothing.” The voice was close, angry and cold.

“You blamed me, said I did this to you, but I don’t know what this is. It… it hurts…” Aiden felt like a fool, felt humiliated and yet was unable to get up or meet the alpha’s anger with his own. His mind and body were warring and he could see no resolution.

“That was wrong of me.” The words were spoken with some hesitation but still cold. “I’m sorry.” An apology that sounded more like a resignation. Aiden nodded in acknowledgement but then sensed the alpha move away.

The door opened and closed and the alpha was gone. Aiden felt at once better and worse for it.

*

It was too late in the day to see his doctor, so Aiden went to a pharmacy on his way home. Explained what he could in terms of symptoms and that his heat was due soon. Perhaps it would be his first fertile heat and this was to be expected? The pharmacist had shook her head; they didn't tend to differ vastly once they were fertile, and sometimes omega's didn't even know when they had started their fertile heats.

She asked for the symptoms again, told him not to leave out anything even if it was embarrassing because there were some things that shouldn't be ignored. He repeated them all, this time including that he had felt better for a short while - and when she probed about this he felt his face burn as he told her that he'd had a sexual encounter with an alpha. She nodded and didn't seem at all surprised or judgemental. She continued to ask more pointed questions until she finally asked -

"This alpha, has he already had his secondary puberty too?"

Aiden had burned all over at that, knew that his face must be ridiculously red. "He's, uh… he's older. So yeah… yeah he has."

She nodded and looked at him with a sympathetic smile. "Now, this might be a long shot and I still think it would be a good idea to see you doctor as soon as you can, but have you thought that you might have found a true mate?"

Aiden looked at her like she'd grown a second head. She was either a weirdo or she was making fun of him. "That's not funny." He replied.

It was only the quick change in her expression to one of slight horror that made him realise she was serious.

"No, no, I'm so sorry if I offended you. Please, believe me. I'm being completely serious." She paused for a moment and her face softened. "Look, it is a long shot, and I only suggest it because it happened to a cousin of mine and what you're describing… well, she's alpha so maybe it was a little different. It might not be that at all. It's so rare I wouldn't have even known the symptoms if not for my cousin. I think you should see your doctor either way."

He looked at her, dumbstruck for a moment, and then stalked out of the pharmacy.

*

It was the day of the dance, finally, but Aiden wasn't excited anymore. He wasn't in the least bit interested. He had stayed up most of the night searching the internet for information on true mates. The most informative website had, startlingly, been WebMD. though the first two goes had turned out to be a tumour, which he was pretty sure wasn't the case. When he finally got through to information about true mates, he could see why the pharmacist thought the symptoms matched. There was even a note on how it could be harder for younger people to recognise whereas those who had been through secondary puberty several years before an encounter might have a better sense of it.

Did Le Chiffre know?

Aiden wasn't sure how to feel about that either way. He just felt numb about the entire thing. What did it mean? He had no choice now in anything? He was essentially owned? And yet when he thought of his teacher those feelings subsided. He had no idea if they had anything in common really; all he knew was that their biologies had connected them and it was almost impossible to break. There was some controversial hormone treatment that had had some success with breaking bonds. It looked like it was something that could work but had rarely been tested as so few incidences occurred and when they did most people were pretty happy about it.

Aiden stopped to think how he felt about it. Could he be happy about? He wasn't unhappy per se though he hadn't planned on settling so young. He'd wanted to travel Europe and publish comics. Stuff the wrong alpha could easily put pay to, stuff his dad certainly didn't approve of. And what did he even know about the guy - an Albanian with a ridiculous French name and a bad attitude. He still didn't know the guy's first name.

Thinking about it made him angry. Thinking again that the alpha might know they were true mates and had not said anything made him angrier still. It was the sort of behaviour he'd expect from his father and he never wanted to end up with an alpha like him.

His dad wasn't aware he had skipped school, so he was quiet. Stayed in his room as the sun went down and didn't even bother to turn on the lights. Whatever was happening he wasn't sure he could face it. He rolled over on his bed and tried to ignore the world.

*

Le Chiffre went to the gym hall early. He told himself that it wasn't for a chance to see the omega, but knew deep down that it was. That and to see the art as well. He didn't want to find himself interested in it, but not only was he, he also had to acknowledge that it was good. He felt a strange swell of pride in his chest at the talent of his omega, and then tried to quash it. Which was made more difficult by the appearance of the room when he arrived.

Tables had been decorated with frosted pinecones, which on their own might have looked a little underwhelming if not for the rest of the room. There were streamers hanging down to have the effect of icicles, but none of it would have come together so well had if not for the backdrops that covered most of the walls. All painted by Aiden. Le Chiffre felt the swell again, that pride in his omega's talent, as he took in the enchanted snow covered forest that Aiden had created. He was disappointed to see he'd left it too late in his hesitation and none of the decorating committee remained - he wouldn't get to see Aiden until later. He found the sinking feeling unsettling.

As he walked through the hall the light played on the glitter that highlighted the snow and ice; the sight of it pulled Le Chiffre's thoughts back to the encounter in his office - the omega's form through his old jeans and thin t-shirt. The glitter on his face. He remembered Aiden declaring that Le Chiffre would have fucked him if they'd managed to get their clothes off, and he knew he was right. He would have. He wanted to. He wanted to mate and claim and bond. He wanted to possess anything and everything about the boy and be equally possessed. The image of the omega atop him made him want to submit and surrender in a way he never had before. He cursed the thought.

And yet he found himself seeking the omega a few short hours later when he returned to the hall with the dance now under way.

Aiden wasn't anywhere that he could see. Eventually he moved to Ms Lynd and asked her about the decorations. When she mentioned Aiden he used it to enquire after him but she sighed, and let him know that Aiden hadn't turned up all day but added in hushed yet professional tone that she had scented that his heat was close and so assumed that to be the reason for his absence. Le Chiffre had nodded, thanked her. Stayed a little longer, long enough to try and fool himself he wasn't going to go to the omega. Right up until the moment he left.

*

Aiden must have nodded off. He felt his heat was close, maybe another day or two, which would mean he'd miss the end of the school term and be holed up for Christmas as he'd expected. He stretched on the bed and yawned, rubbing his eyes against the light outside. It took him a moment to realise it had gotten dark - it was a car headlights. Must have been the car pulling up that woke him. The lights went off then and he heard someone get out of their car and walk up to the house. The porch light came on and his dad opened the door a few moments after a knock.

"Mr Graham, my name is Jean Le Chiffre, I'm a teacher from-"

"What has that shit done now? I tell ya, I can't keep a handle on him. I am gonna ship that kid off as soon as I legally can. I don't know anyone that would benefit more from basic training."

Aiden winced. He could imagine Le Chiffre - Jean apparently - looking at his dad with such cold disdain. Could imagine the reaction that might incite.

"Is Aiden here?" Le Chiffre cut to the chase.

"Ain't he at the school?"

"He is not."

Aiden swallowed; he couldn't hide out in his room. Not least because of the pull he felt within him. Almost doubled now - that desire to be close to the calming scent of the alpha and something else clawing at him. A deeper desire to be with an alpha for his heat. With this alpha. *His* alpha. He pushed the feelings down and rubbed the sleep from his eyes before venturing out to join the alphas.

"I'm here." He said, quieter than he had intended. He was almost behind his dad when he wheeled around angrily.

"What have you done now boy? I told you no more letters home and now I have a teacher on the doorstep!" He reached forward and grabbed Aiden roughly by the top of his arm, dragging him forward to stand in front of Le Chiffre. Aiden let out a yelp at the sudden pain and then grimaced as he tried to twist from his dad's strong grasp.

“Dad… Stop, I didn’t do anything...” He tried again to twist away.

“I swear to god Aiden-”

Aiden felt himself pulled free of his dad’s grasp and onto the porch. He looked up to see that Le Chiffre had a tight grasp of his dad’s wrist.

“You will not touch this omega again.” Le Chiffre’s voice was calm and icy, to anyone else it might have even been terrifying, but Aiden found himself calmed by it.

“What the damn hell has it got to do with you how I raise my son?” Aiden could hear the tremor in his dad’s voice - he was more than a little scared, he could tell, but knew his dad would never let it show. No, his dad would do what he usually did - escalate things. Get violent. Only, this wasn’t a knock down brawl with fellow drunks at the bar. Aiden wasn’t sure what this was; he only knew that Le Chiffre would win if this became a physical confrontation. The man wasn’t as heavyset as his father, not as muscular, but there was a physical power in him that reminded Aiden of a wolf or a tiger. But more than that he could sense something coming off the man in waves - he would do anything and everything for Aiden and if that meant knocking his dad on his ass, that was what was going to happen. The thought both thrilled and terrified him.

Le Chiffre turned to him, expression still icy but a warmth beneath. He scented the air and Aiden blushed knowing how close to heat he must smell to the alpha. His dad scoffed and folded his arms over his chest.

“You look like you enjoy that stench! Disgusting little omega, every fucking time his heats stink out my house I think more and more this little shit can’t be my kid. His mother was probably whoring it around while I was on active duty.” His dad snarled out the words.

Aiden felt his face redden with anger and embarrassment. Le Chiffre’s eyes hadn’t left his.

“Aiden, do you want to come with me? I can take you to the dance, I can take you to my home. Temporarily or permanently. I can take you away from-”

“Shit! Is that what this is? Are you fucking my son?” His dad’s tone was something between anger and amusement. “I just thought he was failing your class or some shit!”

“Well, that too.” Aiden shrugged, finding the whole situation suddenly beyond ridiculous. He caught Le Chiffre’s almost withering look but his dad was another matter altogether.

“This isn’t a joke boy. Get to your room now. We will talk about this once I get this asshole off my property.” venom in his words and fists clenching.

Le Chiffre’s eyes did not leave Aiden and he repeated. “Do you want to come with me?”

At that Mr Graham grabbed Le Chiffre’s arm and spun him back to look at him. “Look at me, you piece of shit. You forget about my son and get the fuck off my property. I was going to wait until the end of the school year to get him enlisted, but I’m sure there’s a military school that’ll take the bratty little shit off my hands. So you just fucking forget about him.”

Le Chiffre just shrugged the man off and turned back to Aiden. “Is that what you want?”

“Who gives a damn what he wants! I’m the alpha here, I’m his father, he’ll do what he’s damn well told!” Mr Graham was red in the face and clearly not used to being ignored, as Le Chiffre continued to wait for Aiden’s answer.

Aiden looked to his dad and then back to Le Chiffre before shaking his head. “I want to go to art school. I want to travel around Europe and see the old masters and the places they painted. I want to sell my drawings and... I don’t know… I just want to do what I love.” Aiden shrugged and felt his face burning under Le Chiffre’s gaze. The alpha seemed to be studying him, or working something out in his mind before he gave a curt nod.

“If you want to come with me, go pack a bag and get in the car whilst I discuss this with your father.” Le Chiffre watched him intently as though waiting to see what he would do.

Aiden nodded, and then slipped past his father and back into the house. As he jammed some school books, sketchbooks and clothes into a duffel, he tried to listen to the conversation outside. His dad’s raised voice, Le Chiffre’s calm replies. A laugh from his father and he could make out something along the lines of “I wouldn’t sell you my dog for that amount.”

They didn’t have a dog but Aiden was in no doubt it would have more value to his father than him if they did.

As Aiden moved back to the porch he could hear a scuffle and then the sound of flesh thwacking flesh. A thud as someone hit the floor. His father, as it turned out.

Le Chiffre had stepped off the porch and was waiting for him. When he got to the porch the alpha held out his hand for the bag and Aiden handed it over. Without a word between them Le Chiffre put the bag on the backseat and they both got into the car as Aiden’s father shouted vitriol at them whilst holding his jaw.

“What happened? What did he do?” Aiden finally asked when they were out of the street.

“I told your father than I am your true mate and he didn’t need to be concerned with you anymore, and that I would provide for you. In return he asked for payment for you, a high sum that I would gladly have paid had it not been for the thought of you father squandering it when it could pay for your tuition instead. He was unhappy and I defended myself.” Le Chiffre was matter of fact and didn’t take his eyes off the road.

“You were willing to pay for me?” Aiden felt bile rise at the thought - something to be passed between alphas.

“You make it sound so crass.”

“It’s fucking obscene.”

Le Chiffre looked over at him then and his eyes softened. “I didn’t mean to offend you. If he had insisted I would have paid very highly for you.”

“Not making it better!” Aiden shook his head and chuckled at how absurd it was. “You should probably just shut up before you make it even worse.”

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Do they make it to the school dance?

Le Chiffre didn't feel conflicted. He might have done, he reflected, under other circumstances. But as soon as he had met Mr Graham, the person who had undoubtedly left the bruises on Aiden's wrist, he had become resolved. Aiden was *his* omega. Whether he was at a point in his life where he'd prefer to deny it or not, it was undeniable and he was not an alpha who was going to leave his omega in that situation.

As he drove back towards the school they had fallen into a comfortable silence. They drove down Main Street, decorated for Christmas.

"Christmas is very different here."

"From Albania?" Aiden asked quickly and Le Chiffre understood - they knew so little about each other really.

Le Chiffre nodded but didn't elaborate. It seemed such a silly thing to have said. He felt just as ridiculous for feeling a little self conscious. He had never opened up to people easily, and now here he had a true mate - someone who would eventually know him better than anyone else living. He would love this omega, he would be loved back, they would have children together and share a life. It felt so small a thing to talk about Christmas decorations. So many other things to say. Perhaps Aiden was thinking the same because he spoke up -

"Your name is Jean, yeah?" He looked over and could see that Aiden looked a little embarrassed. How strange it was that this was the first time the omega had said his name.

"Yes. I suppose… that is how you should address me." It felt like too obvious a thing to say and he clenched his jaw. This was a maddening situation.

"Well… yeah. I mean… the next few days might get inadvertently kinky if I have to keep calling you Mr Le Chiffre… or Sir..." Aiden chuckled and it broke something in Le Chiffre. The warmth of it caused a pang of *something* in his chest and groin. Something on a physical level as well as biological.

They had just arrived at the school and he pulled the car into the parking lot and he stopped the engine, hands gripped tight on the steering wheel as he stared ahead.

"I'm sorry… that this is so hard on you. I worked it out-" Aiden started as he turned in his seat to face Jean. "The true mates thing. I guess that's us then, really."

Le Chiffre nodded but did not turn to look at the eyes he could feel on him. It wasn't like a normal bond; it wasn't a hormonal thing that could possibly be reversed with the right medical treatment. It was something undeniable that marked them as perfectly matched on a biological level, but more than that - they would be everything to each other in the end. It wasn't something he had ever wanted. He knew it was the theme of many a romantic movie - finding that one person in the whole world that was meant for them. That wasn't something he had ever hoped for and was sure the same could be said for the young omega. He wished he could have denied this longer for both their sakes.

"Um, I guess I should thank you." The omega started, "For what you did back there… my dad he… it's been difficult." Aiden hesitated before he continued. "Permanent… by the way. In answer to what you said, I guess I'll come stay with you permanently. Seems pointless to try and avoid this."

Le Chiffre finally turned and studied the omega's eyes. No sadness, but something else - resignation. "We will learn to love each other." Le Chiffre reassured him.

At that, Aiden started laughing, his head thrown back, exposing the length of his pale neck - the scent of heat radiating from it. "I already find you pretty irresistible, despite yourself, so I guess we're on track." Aiden's laughter subsided as looked at Jean. "But what happens next? We bond? Get married? You keep me barefoot and pregnant - popping out a new pup every year?" Despite the jovial tone there was a note of concern.

Le Chiffre shook his head. "First of all, you'll be finishing school - with excellent grades, I have no doubt. And then art school. Once you have graduated we will go to Europe so you can see the masters and the places they painted." His mouth quirked up into a smile.

When the omega had said those things at his father's house Le Chiffre's brain had done a mental flip. His whole outlook on life and the future had changed. Whatever he thought he'd wanted was replaced by the deep need to care and protect this omega. That included seeing the boy through art school. It included something he had long considered doing - returning to Europe. He had no greater desire since that moment than to fulfill those needs and desires for the omega. Not just for Aiden, but for himself too.

It was that realisation that had made it all click. Made him happy to accept this fate.

He realised Aiden was staring at him.

"You're going to pay for art school and then take me to Europe?" He seemed incredulous. "Why? I mean, you don't have to - you could pretty much just keep me tied to the kitchen sink and no one would bat an eye."

"I want to. It would bring me as much pleasure as it would you." He found himself smiling. Even moreso at Aiden's unreadable gaze. He was just about to ask the omega what school he wished to attend when Aiden's seat belt clicked open and the omega was leaning over to him, kissing him.

He leaned into the kiss, enjoying the aggressive side of his young omega.

When Aiden pulled back his eyes were full of hunger.

“We should go to the dance.” Jean told him as they pulled apart for air.

“What?” Aiden leaned into his neck, scenting him before trailing kisses there.

“The dance…” Le Chiffre’s breath caught.

“God do I so not care about the dance.” Aiden pulled back and looked at him sternly. “I’m at most a day away from going into heat, I’ve discovered I have a true mate who seems determined to see to my future happiness, and right now he has me as horny as all hell. Take me home.”

*

Le Chiffre seemed so calm as he drove them to his house, but Aiden had a sense of the feelings bubbling beneath. He admired the alpha’s restraint and wondered if it came with age, because at that moment he was having a hard time keeping his hands out of his pants.

This was really happening. This was surreal. This wasn’t what he had expected at the start of the school year.

Thankfully it was a short drive and Le Chiffre was out of the car and grabbing his bag as soon as the engine shut off. It was a nice house, big for one person; clearly Le Chiffre had more money than his teacher’s salary. Aiden shot him a questioning look as they got out of the car.

“Family gold?” He asked, quirking a smile.

“Wise investments.” Le Chiffre corrected and moved quickly to the front door. Aiden caught up to him and found himself whisked inside as soon as it opened.

In a replay of that night in his office, Le Chiffre pushed Aiden against the door once it was closed, but he didn’t kiss him. He looked deeply into Aiden’s eyes.

“I didn’t want this. I thought I didn’t want this. I tried to deny it. I’m not noble; it was selfish. I had no thought to how any of this affected you. But then I couldn’t stop thinking about you, I couldn’t… I want to possess you, I want to own every part of you.” His voice was low, gravel.

Aiden wanted to reject the words - the idea of being possessed and owned - but in his mind came the image of himself on his knees in front of the alpha and he groaned. He knew, could sense, that Le Chiffre didn’t mean it literally. Another image - of Le Chiffre’s mouth moving all over his body - he knew that was his meaning and he groaned again and tried to press his hard cock against the alpha. He was started to feel hot, clammy. Maybe it was the proximity of the alpha or the knowledge that they were about to have sex, but he felt his heat swelling within him. It would be less than a few hours now, and then he would *need* the alpha. And he would experience a heat with someone else for the first time. The thought sent a flash of nervous energy through him.

“Less talking… I’m… I feel…” Aiden was practically squirming.

“We should discuss all this…” Le Chiffre started, but he must have caught the scent, Aiden realised, as his pupils blew wide. He let his head fall back as he inhaled deeply and then pressed Aiden to the door. His face was at Aiden’s neck then, scenting, licking, biting - little nips, a promise of something more.

“Oh god, please, please bite me.” Aiden realised he’d said the words aloud but couldn’t even begin to feel embarrassed by the needy whine. “We’re mates, no matter what now. We’re joined anyway… I want… Oh god I want it… I want you.”

Le Chiffre practically roared as he lifted Aiden into his arms and stalked up the stairs. Before he knew it, Aiden was deposited on a bed and the alpha was shedding his clothes; he began to do the same until they came together again on the bed both naked.

“I want to feel you… I’ve never, with an alpha… I never and…” Aiden struggled out the breathless words as he sought to kiss and nip at every bit of skin he could reach. Le Chiffre pressed him down into the bed, nuzzling at his neck, at the scent gland there. Aiden’s words trailed to no more than a moan.

“You’re close.” Le Chiffre mouthed the words against his neck. “I want to knot you, I want to-” He seemed to cut his words short as though he was still struggling with their situation. Aiden pushed him back so he could look in his face.

“I want that too. I want you. I want this… I want to be your mate.”

Le Chiffre rumbled a growl in his chest.

*

If he had wanted the boy before, it was nothing compared to the all consuming desire he felt now.

The omega had keened and moaned so beautifully when he had taken him into his mouth, tasting him there first and finding him to be so utterly delicious. By the time Aiden had cum on his tongue, Le Chiffre could smell the slick pooling, sliding his tongue down and tasting there too. Ambrosia. His eyes had rolled back at the divine taste. He had tasted omegas before, but they had been the same as any beta he had laid with. Never before this. This divinity.

Aiden had wept as his tongue worked him open, the slick building and building. And that scent, permeating the air. Hours had passed, or perhaps only minutes, since Le Chiffre had lost himself to his own rutting instincts. But as the air thickened around them he knew the boy had come into heat. Le Chiffre couldn’t deny himself if he had wanted to. He moved up over Aiden, whose eyes found his and communicated an unspoken need and lust, and moved slowly into him. They both moaned low as Le Chiffre slipped into his wet heat, until he was buried completely in his omega.

“Mine.” The word tumbled from his mouth before it was even a thought in his brain.

“Yes, yours.” The omega had panted. And then he grabbed Le Chiffre’s hair and pulled his head back almost painfully, so that their eyes met. “And you’re mine. You’re mine.” The omega practically snarled the words.

“Yes, yes…” Le Chiffre nodded when his hair was released. Driving himself deeper into the omega with each movement, pulling Aiden’s legs up around him, adjusting the angle until Aiden cried out with every thrust.

Le Chiffre trembled at the sound. He’d had his fair share of lovers, had even seen a couple of omegas through their heats, but none had had this effect on him. It went right through him - into him, lodged in his chest. Perfect, his omega was perfect. He rested his head on Aiden’s shoulder as he continued to thrust deeper, until his already swelling knot pressed to the omega’s rim.

“Alpha please, take me… make me yours.” The moaned words almost made Le Chiffre cry out, a sort of ecstasy-laden despair. He could feel moisture on his face, a drop of blood running from his eye in place of a tear, and dropping onto Aiden’s radiantly pale skin.

He growled as he pulled out a little before thrusting in deeper than before, his knot squeezing into the omega until he was completely flush against him. Aiden cried out beneath him and shot ropes of cum between them. As the omega’s muscles constricted into an exquisite pressure Le Chiffre came - sinking his teeth into Aiden’s neck at the same moment.

He heard the sharp intake of breath, the moan of pleasure - felt Aiden melting into him. He was just about to pull back from the bite when the omega shifted suddenly, his neck craning until he clamped his teeth down on Le Chiffre’s neck. The surprise had the alpha cry out, just as surprised by his body’s own reaction as he orgasmed again, even more intense. He collapsed onto Aiden, unable to hold his own weight anymore, and the omega began to lap at the bite mark he had made whilst wrapping his arms and legs around Le Chiffre and keeping him close.

Le Chiffre felt like his whole world had been turned on end, and yet he was glad of it. If anyone might have even suggested in the past that he would wear the bite of an omega, like some weak alpha, he would have scoffed. But now, Aiden’s mark on his skin, he knew it completed him. He knew that when he looked in the mirror he would see art that would be amongst the best the omega had ever created.

He slowly rolled onto his back, taking the omega with him, their bodies still locked tight together. The omega looked sated, back in control for now until the lust of his heat took hold once more. Atop him, Aiden straddled him and sat up, grinning as he clenched his muscles and wiggled, causing Le Chiffre to cum again, leaving the alpha tingling all over.

“You are such a brat.” An admonishment, and yet he returned the grin.

“I’m your brat.” Aiden winked and leaned in - Le Chiffre thought for a kiss, but instead the omega ran a pointed tongue up his cheek to his eye, collecting the blood that had trickled down. “Huh, I thought it would taste salty.” Aiden shook his head and then kissed Le Chiffre, deeply.

*

A little less than four days had them intermittently knotting, eating, sleeping, talking and knotting again. Aiden couldn't remember lots of it, just from the sheer exhaustion. It was the most satisfying heat he'd ever had, but he wasn't sure he'd ever been this tired before in his entire life.

When he woke he wasn't sure what the time was but the crack in the curtains showed darkness. Looking over he saw Le Chiffre - Jean - was gone from the bed. He sat up and took in the room. It was stark white, like from a catalogue. It was beautiful. Neat. The only clutter was Aiden's bag which had been placed on a small armchair that sat by the window, his discarded clothes set on top. That and the mess of bedsheets and pillows which were strewn all over the bed and floor.

Aiden rolled out of the bed and pulled on his jeans and tshirt. It was a little chilly now his heat had passed, but he hadn't thought to pack a sweater. He guessed he'd be going back at some point and collecting the rest of his things. They were bonded now after all; this was his home now. Aiden placed a hand over the heat of the bite at his neck and smiled at the thought of how he was going to fit his crappy stuff into this pristine house. He found he had an irrational enjoyment at the thought of deliberately irking his mate. He chuckled and opened the built-in closet opposite the bed.

Le Chiffre, it appeared, liked to wear a lot of black. Aiden huffed another chuckle and set to looking through the clothes, finding some folded jumpers and taking a thin red one, just enough to take the chill off. He shrugged into it and enjoyed the way it pooled around his smaller frame, enjoyed even more the scent of his alpha on it. He grabbed fresh, thick, socks from the second drawer he dug into and then closed the closet back up.

When he got downstairs he took in the house bit by bit. All of it like a catalogue, all of it almost devoid of any personality unless you looked really closely at the little things here and there. Strange little objects or art that didn't seem to fit with the rest of the house. So intriguing, and strangely endearing. The house reflected the alpha - the way he only let a little of himself truly show. Aiden looked forward to getting to know him better.

He stopped short at the bottom of the stairs, caught in the weirdness of that thought. Or rather the fact that it didn't seem weird. That he was perfectly happy with this fact because he knew in his heart that they were compatible on every level. That true mates wasn't just about biology. It had found these two completely different people and realised that together they made something better, a whole. Completion. A family.

"You're awake." Le Chiffre's voice was gruff but his expression was open and happy. Happy to see him, Aiden realised and it sent a jolt of excitement through him. "I didn't want to wake you, you were… it's tiring…"

Aiden laughed and he was sure the alpha might actually have blushed. "Yeah, I'm exhausted, but I'm awake now. And starving… is there any food?" He had vague memories of them pretty much pulling apart the fridge between fucking.

“I made us dinner.” Le Chiffre lead the way into a nice, crisp, dining room. A variety of foods laid out - breads, meats, cheeses and fruit. “I didn’t have anything very seasonal. I hadn’t planned to have company for Christmas.” He explained.

“God, I didn’t even think about Christmas. We fucked right through it.” Aiden chuckled at that, and then even more at the look on Le Chiffre’s face. Almost a frown but stopped short by something - adoration maybe. This was going to be a lot of fun, he was sure.

“I’m sorry you didn’t make it to the dance.” Le Chiffre sounded genuine and Aiden was strangely touched.

“It’s ok. I mean, it would have sucked anyway, really. I’d have only been there to see what my backdrops looked like with the lighting set right.” He shrugged and Le Chiffre gave him a comforting smile and then seemed to remember something.

“Oh, I do… I had this, I took it from the school… I don’t know why… But I…” Jean went to the table and picked up a small bundle of mistletoe. “A romantic gesture I suppose.”

Aiden smiled. “They don’t seem to come easy to you.”

The alpha smiled and shook his head. “No, though…” he pulled Aiden close to him and held the mistletoe above them, “I am finding it gets easier by the hour.” He drew Aiden into a deep kiss full of tender promise.

*

“Did you call me a cold-hearted ogre to the children again?” A clipped tone.

“Would I do such a thing?” Aiden was all mock astonishment, breaking into a grin under Jean’s hard stare. He waved his husband away. “They know you’re not an ogre.”

“You do heavily abridge the story. I’m not sure how favourable I seem.” Jean commented as he took a toy that Aiden was holding and placed it on the shelf in the nursery, their two children in the bathroom washing up for bed.

“Well, there is a lot I have to leave out, what with all the heat sex and that one time in your office…” Aiden winked, Jean’s face remained a mask of propriety. Aiden chuckled and pulled the alpha into a kiss. He broke away after a moment and was happy to see he’d softened Jean’s expression. “Besides, tomorrow they can hear the sequel - how the cold-hearted ogre forced me to go to art school, dragged me all over Europe for half a decade, scowled at my late nights while I was meeting illustration deadlines, before knocking me up like a good alpha should.”

Jean sighed heavily and let his shoulders slump. “You are always going to be this impossible aren’t you?” He was given away by a twitch at the corner of his mouth.

Aiden grinned. “You wouldn’t love me any other way.”

He turned off the main light switch in the nursery, leaving just the little lamps at the bedsides alight. In the near darkness the glitter paint on the banners that hung on the walls made the

room come to life like a magical forest, as they had in a school gym so many years before.

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